

**Not Satisfactory.**  
 "I understand," said the detective  
 "that you had a clue to the where  
 abouts of Crookles, the famous criminal."

"What was it?"

"A newswoman to me and said, he was Crookies and wanted to give himself a prize because he was tired of eluding justice."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity."—Washington Star.

Almost an Instantaneous

Mr. Borein (at a late hour)—Really it's very annoying, but I had it on the tip of my tongue a moment ago. I was about to say—er—singular, but it seems to have escaped me.

Hortense (coming to his assistance)—Possibly you were about to say "goodly."

— **Throwing Physics to the Dog.**  
**Young Wif** (sobbing)—Oh, mamma, I shall get a divorce! I can stand it no longer. I made George some of my best angel cake and—  
**Mother** (interrupting)—Did the brute ridicule it?  
**Young Wif**—Worse than that! he gave it to poor, dear little Fido—and Fido died.—**Judge.**

— **Vastly Different.**  
*She gave me back my heart, but she*  
*It was a different thing*  
*When I requested her to send*  
*Me back that diamond ring.* —**Truth.**

**A BIRD OF ANOTHER FEATHER.**

Yes, I have. I'm very much pleased to say  
You've been having another convivial laugh.  
"No," said the lady, as he doled in the  
Girls.  
"This'll own to a husband or two."  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

—No Doubt About It.

Mr. Bingo (anxiously)—Do you think  
Mrs. Bingo will be away that the house  
watchman you hired will keep awake at  
night?  
Bingo—You bet he will. I have just  
given him one of those night-shirts you  
made for me. (Cuddles and Purses.)

—He Was Humphered.

—Papa—Are you sure that you are  
naming thought of me while you were  
away?  
—Little Grace—Yes; you heard a man

**The Widow's Gratitude.**  
Not far away the sacred Ganges flowed silently between its green banks.  
"The widow, according to the lexicon, being a wife of the land, was about to be entangled in her destined spouse."  
A glad smile illumined her face as they laid her beside the lifeless form of her husband and scattered cold clouds.

mured, "that I wasn't born in a country  
 where they have to wear black, whether  
 it be because of religion or race."  
 Presently she was seen no more, and  
 above her head there grew a sweet  
 floweret which flourished and gave  
 fragrance to the air.—Puck.

A Homage!

Van Cortlandt Park.—I have just  
 bought my wife a diamond ring for  
 two hundred and fifty dollars.  
 Murray Hill.—I had no idea you were  
 so stingy.  
 "Extravagant! My dear fellow,  
 will save lots of money. That's why  
 I bought it."  
 "I can't catch on."  
 "If you want alive, I'll save five hun-  
 dred dollars on old clothes"—Alec

Chestnut.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to see-sawing, sir," she said.

"I'll go with you, my pretty maid!"

"I prefer the kind is the tree," she said.

—Washington Star.

**A TERRIBLE MYSTERY.**



Frouzy Fred—Wat's de matter, Bill Yer lookin' fine.  
Bibulous Bill—I feels fine. Frouzy I feels blue. A doctor told me e other day dat I had water on de brain an' 'evs been drinkin' fer his ever since 'evs he got dere—Brooklyn Life.

Bill's Wife says:  
Visitor—I hear dat your servant is you without giving notice.  
Housekeeper—Yes, he poured ketchup on de fire and was blown out de window.—N. Y. Journal.

Consolation.  
"Why! What's up, Cholly?"  
"Toocheechee, confounded it!" "I'm rotten!" "I'm rotten!" "I'm rotten!"

—A timid person is frightened before a danger; a coward during the time; and a courageous person afterward. Richter







